Monks House.
Rodmell
Lewes.

29th Dec – 1928.

That wretched Potto is all stung with yellow heads. He rolled himself round in them, & can't be disludged – Most of cutting off his front hair, what I know you wouldn't like. But may I say, once & for all, presents are not allowed: it's written all over the cage. It spoils his temper. They suffer for it the long run. This one will be forgiven: but never never again. The night you were snared, that wretch, at Long Barn, you shifted out Dad Stephen's paper knife, & I had then to make the terms plain: with this knife you work Jack on heaps I said & the same applies to heads. But I forget what I was about to say. We are getting by the fire. Pinker snores like an old cook with a bad leg. like a cook with a bad leg (wasn't that the joke at Gordon Square?) Leonard is furious. because a lamp I gave him to heat the motor won't screw up or down. He shakes it: he curses. Long long ago I should have thrown it to the ground. But the pertinacity of the Jewish race. to which we owe so much — Christianity, among the rest (I had meant to work out a list. but Lord! – how ignorant I am) would not suffer him to give over: he is as a terrier worrying a very large rat which has him by the nose.

You never wrote to me, & your image has receded like the faintest shadow of the old moon. but

just as Vita was about to vanish, a thin silver edge appeared, & for
ever hangs like a sickle over my life again: that is why I am
working to-day, hoping desiring, for Nelly'll be in with our
Gammon & eggs in a minute, instead of reading M:
Maurois for an article, which, Mr. Nick, with the proud
ex-England France & America, simultaneously. Why do I
boast? Nothing impresses you. ~~Both~~ The truth is I boast because I'm
modest. The sales of Orlando went very nicely with the end.
Now they'll stop. Did you like my champagne party? I mean to
prove it. But I thought it made my dear Dadie red-nosed
coarse & quarrelsome: Vita dark over champagne like a racing
Cutter: all sails, all flags, all bowing & curtseying. But then
Vita has the blood of the Sackvilles in her, which is made of —
which reminds me: Eddy. His blood is not his strong point. It's
his damned aristocratic thin-blooded, bubbly sparkly weakly
temper that annoys one: do you mind if I don't hand on to him, tactfully,
(for I can't be bothered to write another letter & he doubted Jane)
that we can't meet Wagenseil? Charming, virtuous,
accomplished as Wagenseil is, it is to avoid Wagenseil that
we come to Berlin. Yes Vita: we come to Berlin. This
will true: that moon increases. (Heavily. If I look out of the
window. I see a moon among the apple trees: & there is an
owl on my two bay trees. God! we had the architect
yesterday & the builder & I spent two hours in the attics,
& we're planning rooms for me. rooms for Leonard; a
a cabinet de toilette for Vita. The Luguy &c. Combined
with the agreement &c. of Long Barn. How are you? By the
way (but this'll need a new sheet, & the rope double
bed sheets. There, fit for Long Barn on a summer's night

a June night with Ethel Smyth the nightingales warbling in the
Syringas by the swimming pool (R.I.P.) by the way, Julian,
my nephew, came out with a great burst of enthusiasm
for The Land the other night. He said it frightfully good,
he thinks; one of the best modern poems; the rest of poetry
he hates; so solid; & he knows it all; & he has
a sense of words; & rhythm; & thank God the
Great Michael Tom Eliot; & I think her a real poet;
one of the few now writing; & don't let her write like
Tom Eliot; let her write like the Land again —— ah
(which was so genuine & fervent) blushed. & said
well why don't you write & tell her?. & he blushed &
said he couldn't write to Vita (he calls you Vita very
naturally, which rather pleases me) Nelly is
stumbling with the eggs in the Kitchen, so I will
hastily say that I have finished Troilus & Cressida (
by Chaucer) & all now that long poems are the only
things I want to read - Next Spenser; Then Daniel;
Then Drayton, & so on, down one long long road
after another, to Crashaw, whom I rushed of hidden
devotion unremembered, to Crabbe; & Then? ——
well Vita, you must be ready to lead me by the
hand into daylight. It is perfectly true that I cannot
read War & Peace now with any gusto or
enchantment; yet 20 years ago; lying in bed one
summer, I was enthralled & floated through week
after week; & have lived in the recollection —
called to mind the plan of novels ever since.
Not a patch on Chaucer! So what is to be done? What? what?

Virginia

P.S.

(4

Just now Wednesday the 22nd of January 1929. ~ I find this rather incoherent letter that I was writing about: shall I send it?

Winter has risen again.

Vita's moon is full. (But its true that the image of ones loves forever changes. I gradually (you know how) like writing physcene symptoms) grow big a light, becomes a sense — a heaviness between the 3rd & 4th rib; a Physical Oppression: There are the signs writers should watch for. Love is so Physical; & so; reading — the Genius of the wife.

I do hope the Spleens & the chills have left you. Both are — I was going to say here prevalent here: but no: I am light headed at the moment; why, heaven knows. I have been walking alone down a valley to Rat Farm, & that means anything to you: & the frost & the cold & the loneliness — one have, & the world washed away to vapour — the Downs The Stacks, like cakes cut in half — I say all this — so excited me; & my own life suddenly became so impressive to me, not as mine though meteorlike through the sky, but solitary & still that, as I say — well how is the sentence to end?: I guess to you only that sentence, like the Shooting star, Extinct in an abyss, a dome, of blue: the Colour of night. Which, if closest Vita you can follow, is now my condition: as I sit waiting for dinner, over the logs.

Le Boski waits to say how much she misses you. And then you pretend the weapon is all typewriter-written! all worn & ribbon, to wring your bosom like an. No. Next month she will be flinging herself on your heartless. A tap at the window. Bosqi will be there - Sir des Strah, dont you? And then a horrid removal.

I have not the face to write another double headed sheet

Do you really love me? Much.

passionately not reasonably.

we go back tomorrow

V.

NYPL HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Thanks Howe
Rodwell.

31st Dec. 1920

Please be an angel & let me have an
line on receipt of this to say how
you are. I've just got your letter,
written, & feel rather bothered as
you say casually you've had a
touch of influenza — you know how
one worries about people abroad.
So do, dearest, let me know any
fear — ridiculous as it may seem to you:
& also are perfectly recovered.
Gastric influenza was it? I've just
seen someone afflicted thus: but I hope
you are not the same:
I wrote a long long letter two
nights ago, & then found I had no
address: but shall send it: Ivi rather

Dismal here — the weather. Snow & rain & cold, & we crouch over the single fire, & read & read. Lord I wish I were ten pound yrs! I hate being anyone: I hate being away. And why were yr so splendid? Heard yr Harold? So what do Polly & Ryonie matter?

We get back to Tavistock on Thursday so write there. Along, long letter please. I hope yr valued my self restraint in letting Stella not decoy yr on to the don the other night.

The beads: yes; I like the beads: But no no — I wont be given things. In the very long letter I wrote all this is explained.

This is a very short letter: asking only for an answer, ~~about~~ to say how yr are.

If I dont hear, I shant sleep; then I shall get a headache: then I shant be able to come to Berlin: so yr see love, love: & the last day of the year by the way.

P

Shall you come through London on
Monday?
~~At~~ Friday Anyhow, dine, tea, Friday.

This is only a scribble to catch the post.
Yes. Clive has been here, but no
~~not~~ mischief made, though many
& questions asked. I'm sorry
about your mother: what did the dr. say?
& about your dependency. But that may
be circumstances. & about Sybil &
the bad impression I made, & about the
rats & the doves. Ever since you
drove off, I've been talking — oh, & had
one declaration alone; & Wells —
but no: I wait wheat any more
great men's compliments (of course,
I shall; dozens of times over)
"Among younger writers are Miss
Violet Jacksville West, whose Grey Weather,
Strange in conception & austere in
treatment, has moments of almost
Epic splendour." (Modern English Fiction
by Gerald Bullett) This I happen-

to light on, & have a stroll & Tearbury.
Otherwise, I'm well disposed towards you, &
if Harold can say Thursday a chance of coming down for
a night, shall I suggest it? Anyhow
wait a long account of Sunday: I see
Clive's primed with questions: blushed out,
had I read your two letters at Rodmell?
So he was: don't blush: dont lead me to think
you've compromised your virtue among the
Cedars. Yes, I do wait damned well
sometimes, but not these last days, when
I've been slogging through a cursed article,
& see my novel glowing like the Island
of the Blessed far far away over liminal
wastes, & cant reach land.
Now Lottie is coming for Thurs:
Never talk about my health again:
Did yours culminate in the bloody
flux, or whatever it's called? Are you
feeling better for it?
Aint it odd that in Oct. 1922
you were still Nicolson with a aitch?
V.W.

Tuesday

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

Darling Mrs Nicolson,

I think I wont come on Thursday for this reason; I must get on with writing; you would seduce me completely; I have to spend two nights (I sippose) at Garsington.

But; willyou ask us (Leonard for one night, me for two) next week, if youre coming up and its convenient? which would be even nicer, or week after.

Also will you come on after your play (on Thursday) and see me alone ? Ive put off Sybil in case you can. Come early on Friday.

The type write calls you instinctively MDarling Mrs Nicolson.

I have been going through the extremes of

horror, dining with the Hutchinsons to meet the Huxleys and feeling utterly and infinitely unhappy. I cannot control it because there is no reason for it.

They say that Dorothy Warren is engaged to G. Scott. They say she has had everysort of love.

Wells said.....isnt that exciting? My proposal was homosexual. I said.....is nt that exciting? You think I'm so damned vain I can be trusted to blabber everything--well, its true.

Good bye, darling Mrs Nicolson. You'llcome on ThursdaynnnLeonard says -only the usual thing, but from him unusual, about liking toxsee you.

Virginia Woolf

(Mrs. Woolf.)

Of course, if you want to meet Libgl & you're only too very glad to. Will you dine with one off radishes alone in the kitchen?

Tuesday

Dearest Honey,

Here is Bosman's Potto & the Pinché Marmoset & some other Keynes animals — which with you keep for her till Friday.

Lord! how I look forward already to seeing you again!

Wednesday: Bob Trevelyan: a dull green.

Thursday: Mrs Ludbey's pill factory: a worthy but unattractive duffle grey.

Friday: Vita: orange & rose, tufted with amethyst —

Please don't let that be a fine day, that there's a bun fer tea, a porpoise in the fishmongers: & darling, wait me something — a Cuba poem: prose if nothing else.

& we'll Let & talk & talk: or walk. Only be well & glad to see me: or else how to wipe me up.

Love a thousand times.

V